

very happy-go-lucky." Cory's friend, Ray Coyle, remembered him for his sense of fun and his friendship. "He was a very loyal friend. I could count on him for whatever," he said. "We shared a lot of laughs. Cory was up for anything to have fun."

Perhaps what made Cory most typical of South Dakota's children was his eagerness to serve his country. He joined the National Guard after high school, in 1989, and served continually for the past 15 years. His battalion was deployed in February. Staff SGT Brooks and his comrades were stationed at Forward Operating Base Chosin, south of Baghdad. They were engaged in the difficult and dangerous work of defusing roadside bombs and other explosives. It was the kind of service the friends of Sgt. Brooks would have expected from him: He put himself at greater risk in order to make things safer for those around him.

Forty years ago, President Kennedy noted that no nation "in the history of the world has buried its soldiers farther from its native soil than we Americans or closer to the towns in which they grew up." Cory Brooks learned the values of service growing up in South Dakota. And it is the measure of those values that he and so many other children of my State have volunteered to put their lives at risk to bring freedom and security to people all across the world.

Cory Brooks, like those who preceded him in Iraq, was a hero in the truest sense. His Nation mourns his loss and offers his parents, Darral and Marilyn Brooks, its prayers, its condolences, and its gratitude.

TRIBUTE TO MARY MCGRORY

Mr. DASCHLE. Madam President, today is the funeral of another American. This American fought for 50 years, in her own inimitable way, to defend the ideals of our democracy.

Mary McGrory was the most elegant political writer I have ever known, and one of the bravest. She loved many things in life: a well-told tale, a good joke, good books, good dogs, orphans, lazy August days in Italy, time with her family in Boston, and almost everything about her Irish-American heritage. Most of all, Mary McGrory loved politics and newspapering. I sometimes thought she had newspaper ink in her veins. She never tired of asking questions, chasing stories or writing truth.

I can't count the number of times that I have held press briefings in the hallway just off this floor, surrounded by two or three dozen reporters, all jostling for position. And there, among them, was Mary, reporter's notebook in hand. She was 40, 50 years older than some of the other reporters, but there she was, in the thick of it. She didn't

need to be there. She could have asked a colleague to pose her question for her and relay the answer to her. But that was not the way of Mary McGrory. She had an extraordinary eye for the telling detail. She wanted to see and hear things herself, and form her own judgments. President Nixon put her on his enemies list, but many of us adored her.

In the last year, a stroke robbed Mary of her legendary ability to find just the right word. But she remained a passionate observer of politics and of life. Many of us hoped that she might regain her mastery of words and resume writing. If anyone could conquer the ravages of a stroke, Mary seemed like a likely candidate. But Mary will live through her words. She was an American treasure.

Many times this past year, I have missed Mary's wise voice. I am sure I will miss her often in the future, too. These are hard times for our Nation. We could use Mary's insight, her passionate commitment to peace and her fierce belief in democracy. Fortunately, Mary has left us more than a half-century of extraordinary work—work for which she won a Pulitzer Prize and the respect of untold millions. There is more than enough beauty, wit and wisdom in her words to last a lifetime.

I am honored to have known Mary McGrory. My thoughts and prayers are with her family and her many, many friends. We have lost a legend.

Mary's cousin, Brian McGrory, is a columnist for the Boston Globe. Last November, he wrote a column for the Washington Post about what he called "the amazing journey that is Mary McGrory's life" and "one of the most important, colorful and enduring newspaper careers that the American public has had the pleasure to experience." The headline on the column was "The Best I'll Ever Know."

I ask unanimous consent that his column be printed in the RECORD.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

[From the Washington Post, Nov. 11, 2003]

THE BEST I'LL EVER KNOW

(By Brian McGrory)

Today, I ask your indulgence. I'm about to commit the boorish act of bragging about a relative, and I'm hoping you'll understand why.

Mary McGrory is my cousin. Merely typing those words fills me with pride. For the unknown, she's a Post columnist, a lion of the left, winner of the Pulitzer Prize.

Born in Roslindale and educated in Boston, she has written about the world's most significant events for nearly 50 years. People still quote her words from the Kennedy assassinations. She landed prominently on President Nixon's enemies list. The elder George Bush once lamented in his private journal, "She has destroyed me over and over again."

I raise these points because in the amazing journey that is Mary McGrory's life, this has

been a bittersweet week. Wednesday in New York she received the John Chancellor Award for Excellence in Journalism, but a sad reality came clear amid the laudatory words and the applause.

Mary fell ill in March, and eight months later she has yet to fully recover. Barring a breakthrough, she has probably written the last of her syndicated columns, ending one of the most important, colorful and enduring newspaper careers that the American public has had the pleasure to experience.

While most Washington pundits closet themselves with their own profound thoughts, interrupted only by lunch at the Palm with the secretary of Something, Mary employs old-fashioned tools: a sensible pair of shoes, a Bic and a notebook. She haunts congressional hearings. She sits with the unwashed in the back of the White House briefing room.

And after finding her perpetually lost keys and remembering where she parked, she rushes back to The Post to create elegantly understated prose, on point and on deadline.

Times have changed in the news business, but Mary never has. Technology baffles her, and I'm not talking about Palm Pilots and Blackberries. I mean the answering machine and the computer. I've received countless voice mails from her that proceed: "Hello?" Pause. "Cousin?" Pause. "Click." In a rant against Toshiba, she once wrote, "I came along in an era when the transmission of one's copy did not require an advanced degree from MIT," adding of the old days, "all I had to carry was my portable typewriter, and I never really carried that."

Indeed, from the very beginning, she mastered the role of the helpless naïf. On her many campaign trips, if her colleagues aren't carrying her jumble of bags, then the candidate probably is. No one is exempt; to her, I'm more porter than reporter.

But that's just part of the deal. The reward is an invitation to Sunday supper. Members of Congress from both parties, diplomats, newshounds and activists gather regularly to dine on her lasagna and sing Irish songs. Newcomers are first sent to work in her garden; George Stephanopoulos might still be fertilizing her impatiens but for Bill Clinton's victory in 1992.

Her one true love was the Washington Star—"just a wonderful, kind, welcoming, funny place, full of eccentrics and desperate people," she once told an interviewer. Star editor Newby Noyes plucked her from the anonymity of the book section in 1954 to cover the Army-McCarthy hearings with the advice, "Write it like a letter to your favorite aunt."

When the Star closed in 1981, she went to the more formal newsroom of The Post, where she liked to remind people of the fun they didn't have. Still, its staff and owners have poured out their hearts to her since she fell ill, with a generosity like a throwback to another time.

Hers is a world of soft irony. She checks into elaborate spas in Italy every year, but while there always gains a few pounds. She was audited during the Nixon administration and got a refund. At a stiff Washington party, she once whispered to me, "Always approach the shrimp bowl like you own it."

Blood aside, in my chosen field, she's the best I'll ever know, and that's the joy and the sadness of it all.

Mr. DASCHLE. I yield the floor and suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The legislative clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. ALEXANDER. Madam President, I ask unanimous consent the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

CONCLUSION OF MORNING BUSINESS

Mr. ALEXANDER. Madam President, what is the order of business?

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Morning business is closed.

INTERNET TAX NONDISCRIMINATION ACT—MOTION TO PROCEED

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senate will resume consideration of the motion to proceed to S. 150, which the clerk will report.

The legislative clerk read as follows:

Motion to proceed to Calendar No. 353, S. 150, a bill to make permanent taxes on Internet access and multiple and discriminatory taxes on electronic commerce imposed by the Internet Tax Freedom Act, and for other purposes.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from Tennessee.

Mr. ALEXANDER. Madam President, I would like to address my remarks for the next few minutes on the discussion that we have been having for the last 6 months in this body on the question of how to deal with the phenomenon of high-speed Internet access. It is the fastest growing new technology in America, according to a New York Times article last week. We have some differences of opinion about how to proceed in terms of the taxation and regulation of this phenomenon, not only what it should be but whether the Federal Government, the State government, or local government should do it.

The leader has asked all of us who have different opinions to work together. We have tried that. We have worked hard. Senator MCCAIN, chairman of the Commerce Committee, has been especially involved. I am grateful to him for that. Senator ALLEN and Senator WYDEN, who have principled positions on this discussion, have worked hard to try to compromise on the issues, as have I and my colleagues, but we simply have a difference of opinion.

Now, today, we begin debating a motion to proceed and to move down a track in the Senate that, I believe, is the wrong track. I welcome this opportunity and I thank the leader for giving us a chance to have a full debate, which we will be having this week. I am confident that by the time we are finished the Senators who have had a chance to spend more time on this, and

that the citizens of the country who have had a chance to understand more clearly what we are talking about, and the State and local officials who will see exactly what we are doing which might affect the future of State and local governments in America will suddenly say there is a little more to this than meets the eye and that we will come to a good conclusion.

I believe it was President Harry Truman who had on his desk a sign that said, "The buck stops here." What we are about to do today and later this week with the consideration of S. 150 is to begin a series of votes about passing the buck. I looked on the Truman Presidential library Web site to see why Harry Truman, who was noted for plain speaking, liked the phrase "The buck stops here." Here is what the Truman Web site says:

The saying "the buck stops here" derives from the slang expression "pass the buck" which means passing the responsibility on to someone else. The latter expression is said to have originated with the game of poker, in which a marker or a counter, frequently in frontier days a knife with a buckhorn handle, was used to indicate the person whose turn it was to deal. If the player wishes to deal, he could pass the responsibility by passing the buck, as the counter came to be called, on to the next player.

That would be my text today, if I were preaching a sermon, because we are about to vote about passing the buck. By passing the buck, if we were to do this, we would create permanent confusion about how to regulate and tax the fastest growing new technology in America—high-speed Internet access. We would create a permanent tax loophole for the high-speed Internet access industry and the telecommunications industry, and the high-speed Internet access industry, so far as I can tell, must already be the most heavily subsidized in America by Federal, State, and local laws. We would be voting for higher taxes, not lower taxes, because if you order taxes to be lowered on telecommunications or high-speed Internet access, you are raising taxes on local property taxes or local sales taxes on food or local corporation taxes on manufacturing companies that might be struggling to keep from moving their jobs overseas.

It is a big trick to say this is a bill that lowers taxes. It does create a tax loophole for one industry. But what cost does that mean? That just means everybody else pays higher taxes.

Aren't a lot of people going to be surprised if this should be enacted and suddenly they find their mayor and their Governor raising local property taxes, raising local sales taxes on food and imposing a car tax again? That is what happens. You lower this tax and you raise that tax.

Then the worst thing to me as a former Governor—and there are many in this body who have been Governors, who have been State tax commissioners, who have been mayors, who

have been State treasurers, who have been local officials—the worst thing to me is we are breaking our promise about doing no harm to State and local governments, particularly on my side of the aisle, the Republican side of the aisle.

We were elected promising to do no harm to State and local governments. I will be talking a lot about that this week because I believe in that. I heard it. It wasn't just from me.

In 1994, the Republican revolution began to occur. In 1995 and 1996, we had Presidential elections. When the Republican Party gained control of Congress in 1995, the first thing it did in this body was pass S. 1.

The Presiding Officer very well knows the distinguished Senator who was the majority leader at that time. His name was Senator Bob Dole of Kansas. He carried around in his pocket the tenth amendment. He said S. 1 means no more unfunded mandates.

If we vote to put into motion S. 150 and the companion measure that passed the House, we will be imposing a massive unfunded mandate on State and local governments. We will be breaking our promise.

It is rare that the Senate has had an opportunity to do so much harm with one vote. It is very difficult to find a situation where you can cast one vote and create permanent confusion about the fastest growing technology and a permanent tax loophole for the most subsidized technology I can find. With that one vote, you could also impose higher taxes, local property taxes, car taxes, taxes on food, and sales taxes, and break your promise to State and local governments to do no harm.

There is a better way to go about this. I believe that I and my colleagues have suggested that. Senator CARPER and I and a group of nine other Senators of both parties have said: Wait a minute. Let us do this a different way. There is a way we can vote to ban new taxes on Internet access for 2 years. We can provide the Senate time to consider what to do about this phenomenon of high-speed Internet access growth, and we can keep our promise to State and local governments.

Rarely has there been a chance to do so much good with one vote, and that would be to pass the Alexander-Carper compromise, or take the original moratorium of 1998 and enact it for 2 more years. That would be a vote for no taxes, it would be a vote for no unfunded mandates, and it would be a vote for time to study it. That would be the wise and prudent course. That will be the argument we will be making today.

Today, we begin a series of procedural motions—that is the way the Senate works—designed to give us a full opportunity to consider and discuss these issues.